

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1874.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—This Day (SATURDAY), February 7th. FIFTEENTH SATURDAY CONCERT AND AFTERNOON PROMENADE of the Eighteenth Series. Commence at Three. Handel's "THEODORA" (first time at these Concerts). Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Dones, Miss Antoinette Sterling, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Signor Agnesi. Crystal Palace Choir and largely increased Orchestra. Dr. Hiller's additional accompaniments will be used. Numbered stalls, Half-a-Crown; transferable tickets for the series, One Guinea.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—NATIONAL MUSIC MEETINGS, 1874.—NOTICE TO COMPETITORS.—Choirs and Bands must be constituted three months before the Meetings, which will be held on alternate days with the Handel Festival in June next. The music to be performed can be had of all music-sellers. In addition to the challenge and money prizes, valuable supplementary prizes are offered in all classes by Messrs. Chappell, Boosey, Distin, Novello, and other firms. Full particulars to be had on application to Mr. WILLIAM BEALM, Crystal Palace.

LAST NIGHT OF THE PANTOMIME.

ROYAL ALEXANDRA THEATRE, Park Street, Regent's Park, close to the York and Albany.—Proprietress—Madame St. CLAIRE.—Every Evening at 7, "THIS PLOT OF GROUND TO LET." 7.45, the successful Extravaganza, "IN THE CLOUDS: A GLIMPSE OF UTOPIA," by Gilbert & Beckett. Characters by Misses Barth, Costin, Davis, Nott, and Madame St. Claire; Messrs. Danvers, Morell, Baker, Elton, Chamberlain. Last Night of the Grand Pantomime, "MOTHER REDCAP," at 9. Doors open at 6.30. Box-office open daily from 11 to 5.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.—WEDNESDAY next, at Eight o'clock. Artists—Madame Edna Hall, Miss Antoinette Sterling, and Madame Patey; Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Henry Guy, and Mr. Santley. Pianoforte—Madame Carreno. The London Vocal Union, under the direction of Mr. Frederick Walker, of St. Paul's. Conductors—Mr. Meyer Lutz and Mr. J. L. Hutton. Admission—Stalls, 6s.; family tickets (for four), 21s.; balcony, 3s.; area, 2s.; gallery and orchestra, 1s. Tickets to be had of Austin, St. James's Hall; the usual music-sellers; and of Boosey & Co., Holles Street.

MISS STERLING and Madame EDNA HALL at the BALLAD CONCERT, WEDNESDAY Next.

MADAME PATEY and Madame CARRENO at the BALLAD CONCERT, WEDNESDAY Next.

MR. SANTLEY and Mr. VERNON RIGBY at the BALLAD CONCERT, WEDNESDAY Next.

WAGNER SOCIETY, ST. JAMES'S HALL.—The FOURTH CONCERT will be given on FRIDAY Evening next, Feb. 13th, at 8.30. Orchestra and Chorus, 180. Vocalists—Madame Elena Corau, Miss Antoinette Sterling, Mr. Bernard Lane, and Mr. Wallace Wells. Conductor, Mr. E. Dannreuther. The Programme will include: Overture, "Iphigenie in Aulide," Gluck; Overture, "Le Carnaval Romain," Berlioz; "Goethe Fest-Marsch," Liszt; and a Grand Selection from Wagner's "Lohengrin." Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s., of Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., Chappell & Co., Lamborn Cock, Olivier, Mitchell, Bond Street; Austin, St. James's Hall; Schott & Co., Regent Street; Hays, Royal Exchange; Keltch, Frowse & Co., Cheapside; and W. H. Lee Davies & Brother, 19, Craven Terrace, Lancaster Gate, W.

QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.—Miss A. L. OKEY, the Australian Infant Pianist, under the direction of Mr. Lansdowne Cottell, will give a GRAND CONCERT on TUESDAY Evening, Feb. 10, when she will be assisted by Miss A. Phillips, Miss Edith Shield; Messrs. Alfred Reynolds, Bell, L. Haydon, &c. Conductor—MR. LANSDOWNE COTTELL.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR. ALFRED REYNOLDS will sing Ascher's popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" on TUESDAY next, at the Queen's Concert Rooms, at Miss Okey's Concert.

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BRIGHTON.—MR. KUHE'S MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

TUESDAY Evening, Feb. 10, Beethoven's Symphony, No. 8, in F; Weber's Overture, "Euryanthe;" Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor, Mr. Kuhe. WEDNESDAY, Feb. 11, Sir W. Sterndale Bennett's Overture, "Les Nalades;" Mozart's Jupiter Symphony; Hummel's Septuor; Messrs. Kuhe, Burnett, N. Chipp, Svensden, Barrett, C. Harper, and J. Howell. The second part will consist of Richard Wagner's Works. FRIDAY Evening, Feb. 13, Signor Randegger's new Cantata, "Fridolin" (kindly conducted by the composer); and Rossini's "Statat Mater." SATURDAY Morning, Feb. 14, Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan's new Oratorio, "The Light of the World" (kindly conducted by the composer). Vocalists during the week—Messrs. Lemmens-Sherrington, Nita Gastano, Blanche Cole, Jessie Jones, Alice Fairman, and Madame Patey; Messrs. Vernon Rigby, W. H. Cummings, Lewis Thomas, Gustava Garcia, Maybrick, and Santley. Chorus—Brighton Sacred Harmonic Society. Organ—Mr. R. Taylor. Conductors—Mr. F. Kingsbury and Mr. Kuhe.

MOZART AND BEETHOVEN SOCIETY.—President, the Most Honourable the Marquis of LONDONDERRY.—Vice-President, Herr SCHUBERTH.—Fourth Season, 1874.—The next Concert will take place during this month, full particulars of which will be duly announced.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY.—President, SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.—Founder and Director, Herr SCHUBERTH.—Eighth Season, 1874.—The Concerts will be resumed in March next, and prospectuses will be ready during the current month. Particulars on application to H. G. Hopper, Hon. Sec.; care of Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MADAME PATEY'S CONCERT TOUR for the months of March and April. Artists—Miss Banks, Madame Patey, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Patey. Accompanyist—Mr. C. Davieson. Applications for terms and dates should be addressed without delay to Mr. Cunningham Boosey, 2, Little Argyll Street, Regent Street, W.

MADAME FLORENCE LANCIA'S FAREWELL.—Madame FLORENCE LANCIA begs to announce that after this year (1874), she will sing no more in public, she having positively determined to retire from the Profession.—28a, Devonshire Terrace, Portland Place, W.

MISS EMILIE GLOVER, Professor of the Harp and the Pianoforte. Communications for Lessons, &c., are requested to be addressed to 10, Newland Street, Eaton Square, Belgravia.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

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WORKS BY JOHN HULLAH.

Professor of Vocal Music in King's College, in Queen's College, and in Bedford College, London.

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THE NEW COMIC OPERA, VIENNA.

The Comic Opera was inaugurated on Saturday the 17th ult. with Rossini's *Barbiere di Siviglia*. Long before the time for opening the doors, a dense crowd of eager sight-seekers surrounded the new theatre in the Schottenring. The fortunate possessors of tickets forced their way through the light and cheerful corridors into the magnificently illuminated house. The elegant structure, calculated for eighteen or nineteen hundred spectators, is just the size to be the home of musical comedy, the more delicate effects of which are lost in larger theatres. By its dimensions, the Comic Opera appears a sister-edifice to the Stadttheater, and, by the distribution of the auditorium, an architectonic offspring of the Imperial Operahouse. In two particulars we think it surpasses the latter: the arrangement of the orchestra and of the boxes. The orchestra of the Comic Opera strikes you at once as lying lower than that of the Imperial Operahouse, and thus withdrawing more from the public gaze the musicians and the gymnastics they go through with arms, fingers, and cheeks. It approaches at least the ideal of this model, the orchestra at Munich, the lowering of which has proved a boon to the eyes of the spectators and to the voices of the singers. If we question the members of the orchestra on the subject, we hear, of course, nothing but violent opposition to the Munich reform, and, taking into consideration human vanity it is perhaps pardonable that fiddling artists should desire to be seen as well as heard. But as regards dramatic interests and requirements, it is not pardonable. To this advantage, namely, that we see less of the orchestra, is added, at the Comic Opera, another—thanks to the lowness of the box fronts, we see more of the ladies and their toilets. The acoustic qualities of the new theatre are admirable. The *forte* awakens no resounding echo, while the *piano* is plainly audible till the tone or word dies away into the slightest whisper, and moreover—as conscientious experimentalizers assure us—can be heard equally well from every place before the curtain. The lighting and ventilation, likewise, proved excellent; despite the overcrowded state of the building, there was no cause to complain of the heat. In one particular, however, the interests of the public have not been anything like so well consulted as at the Imperial Operahouse, and we will at once, without further ceremony, denounce the evil, which may still perhaps be partially remedied. We allude to the entrance to the pit-seats. It is much too narrow.

The public were far from having feasted their eyes sufficiently on the splendid interior of the theatre, when the conductor, Herr Proch, appeared before his desk to give the signal for the overture. Loud applause greeted the popular favourite who has, during nearly four decades, formed, as it were, a component part of the musical history of Vienna, and who is still accounted a guide on whom vocalists may place especial reliance. (In genuine German theatrical parlance this gratifying fact is expressed thus: "*Auf den Proch singen wir uns sehr gut.*") Herr Proch had composed a festival overture especially for the opening, but it shed a less favourable light upon the composer than upon the orchestra. We have great pleasure in acknowledging the full-toned harp arpeggios of Therese Zamara, the sure and incisive violin-stroke of young Hellmesberger, and the fine tone of the first clarinetists. Indeed, we instantly perceived from the fiery dash of the whole that there is a vast deal of young blood present. For all this, however, the proper bounds are not overstept, but due regard is paid to light and shade. This appears in the model accompaniment to the "Calumny" air, and to the little tempest which Rossini has so wonderfully depicted with incredibly simple means (without kettle-drums!) in the second act. Musical literature is not poor in imposing storms—those of the two thunder-gods, Beethoven and Berlioz, heading the list—but such a charming little stormlet as this of Rossini's is not to be met with anywhere else.

The overture at an end, the manager, Herr Swoboda, surrounded by his company, made a speech. The applause occasioned thereby was a loud vote of confidence passed in favour of the artist then entering upon his new duties, after having proved what he could do by so many years of brilliant effort. It is not always that good actors make good managers, and Herr Swoboda has still to gain a reputation in the latter capacity. But, if his Comic Opera goes on as it began the first evening, we are not afraid for the success of the Swobodian management.

The opera commenced: Rossini's *Barbiere di Siviglia*. We entertained grave doubts as to the propriety of selecting this work for the opening night. Not because it is the composition of an Italian—for we Germans are exceedingly poor in comic operas—but because Italian nature is almost indispensable for a perfect and life-like representation of it. It is seldom that I have found on the German stage a good Rosina; still more seldom a passable Almaviva; and never a Figaro I could believe in. The first injury done to the *Barbiere* is its translation from the Italian into the German language; the second, its translation from the Italian into the German temperament. Let the reader only consider, for instance, the six-quaver bar in Figaro's first air: must not a northern tongue be crushed in the shower of stones, which becomes in Italian a pleasant plashing? Southern mobility, humour, shrewdness, and the whole key, in fact, in which the humour of the part is pitched, are not natural to our German singers; no German Figaro believes in himself, and still less do others believe in him. Everybody who has once heard one of the Italian *buffo* performances, so often given in Vienna, will not dispute the natural superiority of the Italians on this their own ground. The contrary opinion advanced by Gutzkow, in his *Paris Letters*, always has been, and always will be, a wonderful enigma. He heard, in Paris (in 1842), *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, with Lablache, Mario, Ronconi, Tagliafico, and Persiani, and felt convinced that the best German operatic companies give a superior performance of the work; nay, that "even an ordinary cast in Germany does the same (with the exception, perhaps, of Lablache as Bartolo)." "Were it possible," he adds, "to give *Norma*, *La Sonnambula*, *Il Barbiere*, etc., with a moderately good German company in Paris, such a company would carry all before it!" Gutzkow's opinion merely shows of what nonsense even such a clever man, and one possessing so much experience of the stage, may be capable, when German patriotism takes the place of musical discernment.

The performance of *Il Barbiere* at the Comic Opera went off very well, and this success carries, of course, more weight than any theoretical scruples. Herr Swoboda was fortunately able to cast two of the principal parts (Rosina and Almaviva) better than any other German manager can do at the present time, and the remaining parts, as a rule, quite as well as we see them cast in German Court Theatres. Miss Minnie Hauck, hitherto an ornament of the Imperial Operahouse, achieved, as Rosina, an extraordinary triumph. Her voice has lately gained in depth, and her style in delicate taste and brilliant *bravura*. The exquisite nicety of her intonation in the most hazardous springs and modulations, the easy lightness of her runs, the flute-like and soft treatment of the *mezza voce*, obtained for her the warmest applause immediately after her first air. Still more fresh, full of life, and teeming with individuality, was her rendering of the "Singing Lesson," as it is called. She gave the well-known and beautiful "Mandolinata" in the most charming and dainty fashion, following it up by a sparkling English song, "Take care," in reference to some young siren who possesses wonderful eyes, and whose want of veracity may disturb our future peace of mind. It is impossible for the warning to be conveyed more archly and more entrancingly than by Minnie Hauck. As a measure of precaution, the audience insisted on being warned twice, and so Miss Minnie had to repeat the song. She distinguished herself also in a third interpolation, quite at the conclusion of the opera. This was an Arditian surrogate, called the "Minnie Waltz," which Holz had composed in honour of the young lady, and which the young lady sang in honour of Holz.

A *coloratura* tenor is, we all know, a being that appears only very sporadically on German soil. The more astounding, therefore, was the performance of Herr Anton Erl as Almaviva. His weak, but agreeable voice is so well trained in runs and shakes that the very first piece, the serenade, was greeted with uproarious applause. This was still more the case with the song, "Io son Lindoro" (from Paisiello's *Barbiere*), which he interpolated in the second act, making it a perfect piece of artistic embroidery in the way of shakes and falsetto passages. He inherits his father's musical certainty and "stern command" of his organ; otherwise, in outward appearance, character of voice, and specialty of results obtained, he is nearly the exact opposite of

his father: a dove beside a golden eagle. The delight of the public with young Erl, whose Almoviva has scarcely a rival in Germany, was impetuously manifested. If any feeling of sorrow could glide into one's thoughts on such an evening, it was regret that the elder Erl, who was quite well a month since, and was once the Achilles of our heroic tenors, should not have lived to see his son's first great triumph.

A second pleasant acquaintance was made with Hermany, the representative of Figaro. His very first notes, sung behind the scenes, announced an agreeable, and flexible, if not especially strong baritone voice. He would, indeed, not have needed to sing at all upon the stage before enlisting the sympathy of the public, who beheld with pleasure his young and well-knit form, and his frank, handsome face. He is not "the repulsive creature called a handsome man" (as Dahlmann says of the English Darnley), but, in pure German, "*ein bildhübscher Kerl*" ("a thoroughly good-looking fellow"), in whose favour the ladies immediately declared themselves. "Take care!"—Hermany (our pen will not write the word "Herr," so fatal an assonant does it form before the name) sang the part of Figaro well throughout, with a very correct and distinct pronunciation, and remarkable volubility. As regards his acting, also, he is one of our best German Figaros, though the disguised prince or hero sometimes, even with him, peeps from beneath the barber's jacket. We should advise him to discontinue the acrobatic contortions of his arms, with which he comes skipping on in the first scene; it is more natural and more characteristic for him to be holding the mandoline, which is, besides, a favourable "motive," in a pictorial sense. The two bass buffos, Basilio and Bartolo, invariably sang well, as regards the music, spoke distinctly, and amused the public most satisfactorily. Herr Hölzl especially, who was greeted with applause as an old favourite of the Viennese, was most entertaining with his dry humour and many witticisms of home manufacture. Herr Robert Müller is the right German Bartolo; rather dry and grave, but, in his way, exceedingly effective and well up in all stage dodges.—Of the manner in which the work is mounted, with respect to taste and correctness, we cannot speak otherwise than in terms of praise.

Thus, then, the first evening at the Comic Opera went off astonishingly well, without anything to dim its success. Taking into consideration the immense difficulties attending so vast and perfectly new an undertaking, we were prepared to find ourselves under the necessity of speaking of its beginning with the allowances made by indulgent courtesy. But, to our great satisfaction, the very first performance rendered it unnecessary for us to make any allowances at all, and proved that what our good feeling towards it was beforehand prepared to concede was really its own by right.—*Neue Freie Presse*.

FRENCH PLAYS AT THE HOLBORN THEATRE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—The revival of *Le Reveillon* was calculated to please all who really appreciate what is sterling and good in art. Mrs. Didier and Schey, as usual, were inimitable, both playing with consummate ease and intelligence rarely to be met with. I would particularly cite the inebriated scene in prison, where Schey (the feeling of his official position weighing on him) endeavours to be dignified before his servant, the jailor, and not for an instant allowing his want of sobriety to border on vulgarity. Mesdames Wilhem, Dolly, and Davenay never appeared to more advantage. The parts they represented seemed admirably suited to them, and the ease and grace they displayed were charming. The house was filled by an enthusiastic and fashionable audience, who recalled the performers after each act.—I am, dear Mr. Editor, yours faithfully,
IGNACE GIBSONE.
January 26th, 1874.

MILAN.—M. Gounod's *Faust* has been given at the Scala with a partially new cast, Signora Singer being Margherita, Signora Ghiotti, Siebel, and Signor Bolis, Faust. The public have at length become accustomed to M. Petit's reading, rendering, and dressing of Mefistofele, and are now as loud in their praise of his impersonation as they were at first decided in their opposition to it. *Macbeth* will be produced very shortly with Signor Pandolfini as Macbeth; Signora Fricci as Lady Macbeth; Signor Padovani as Banco; and Signor Bertocchi as Macduff. *Macbeth* will be followed by Signor Ponchielli's new opera, *I Lituani*.—According to report, Madame Menschikoff, a lady enjoying a high reputation as a vocalist in Russia, has been engaged for the principal female part in Glinka's *Life for the Czar* at the Teatro dal Verme.

"POETICAL BASIS."

"Mozart's overture to *Le Nozze di Figaro* introduced the orchestral selections—a work the band has frequently to do, and always does well. What a masterpiece it is, that little 'three minutes overture,' and how much of beautiful thought and technical skill it contains! Yet we are told that all such music, in its highest form, rests upon a 'poetical basis'—in other words, is illustrative, and not absolute. If any who hold this opinion were among Saturday's audience, they perhaps found a set-off against Mozart's 'absolute' work in an overture to *As You Like It*, by the late Mr. Henry H. Pierson, a composer who, while English by birth, was a German of the most modern type as regards his art, and therefore united to daring and originality only the power needed to make those qualities conspicuous. Without going over ground well trodden years ago, and showing that Mr. Pierson's failure in his native country was a matter of course, we may say that the overture, which received its first English hearing on Saturday, forcibly illustrated its composer's peculiar weakness. There is talent of no mean order in it, as indeed there is in every ambitious work from the same pen; but talent ill-regulated and misapplied is worse than none at all, because capable of doing mischief. Mr. Pierson, always impatient of orthodox rules and traditions, seems to have found happiness in the liberty of the *Zukunft*, and his overture has the 'poetical basis' and independence of form upon which the school of the future insists. But it shares the fatal weakness of most of its class. As an illustration it is vague, and needs the help of explanatory text, while, taken *per se*, it wants the essential features of a work of art—form, and strict proportion of parts. We shall see the evil day of music when, no longer possible as an abstract thing, it becomes a mere attendant upon poetry, having no will or work of its own. But that day has not yet arrived, nor did the reception given to Mr. Pierson's overture indicate its nearness. In spite of considerable beauty of theme and treatment, the patchiness of the composition and its lack of symmetry offended connoisseurs, while exciting in others a notion of something wanting, the absence of which could be felt if the thing itself could not be defined."

[The above is taken from a recent article upon the Crystal Palace Concerts, which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*. Our contemporary has already given serious consideration to the "higher development" cry, and we are glad he is now disposed to take "poetical basis" in hand.—Ed.]

CONTRAT ENTRE

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS, d'une part,
et M. B. ULLMANN, d'autre part.
Qui stipule:—

1^o M. Alexandre Dumas viendra aux Etats-Unis d'Amérique pour y faire des lectures ou causeries, pendant trois mois et une semaine, à raison de quatre lectures ou causeries par semaine, selon les arrangements que prendra M. Ullmann.

2^o M. Ullmann paiera à M. Alexandre Dumas une somme de quarante mille francs en or, de la manière suivante: dix mille francs, huit jours avant le départ de M. Dumas, et cinq mille francs le jour de la première conférence, cinq mille francs à la dixième, cinq mille francs à la vingtième, cinq mille francs à la trentième, cinq mille francs à la quarantième, et cinq mille francs à la cinquantième causerie.

3^o M. Ullmann remettra à M. Dumas la somme nécessaire pour payer deux passages de première classe de Paris à New York, et également de New York à Paris, et payera, en outre, tous les frais de voyage d'une ville à l'autre pour deux personnes, première classe, y compris le transport des bagages et voitures.

4 En cas que la moyenne de la recette brute dépassera la somme de 3,000 francs par lecture, M. Ullmann allouera à M. Dumas une somme de cent francs par jour pour ses frais d'hôtel.

5^o Dans ce même cas, M. Ullmann allouera à M. Dumas un tiers de la recette des causeries à donner à la Nouvelle-Orléans, déduction faite des frais de 3,000 francs par causerie.

6^o Le présent contrat commencera une semaine après l'élection du président, c'est-à-dire le premier mardi de novembre 1868, et M. Dumas doit se trouver à New York au moins quinze jours avant la première causerie.

7^o Ce contrat est nul, dans le cas qu'un conseil de médecins, à Paris, ne permette pas à M. Dumas le voyage pour cause du mauvais état de sa santé.

Paris, le juin 1867.

Be chesin!—(A.S.S.)

Approuvé:

AL. DUMAS.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT ON WEBER.

If anybody can say anything new about a great man it is his unquestionable right to speak; and to none, when that great man is Carl Maria von Weber, does that right more fully belong than to Sir Julius Benedict. As Weber's favourite pupil and intimate associate, as a disciple between whom and the master there were no secrets, Sir Julius is an authority the trustworthiness of which cannot be disputed. This fact helped to draw a large audience to the Royal Institution on Friday evening week, when the genius and career of the composer of *Der Freischütz* were treated in a most attractive way by one of the very few men now able to speak on the subject from their own observation and experience. The lecture would have been a success had it depended solely upon the interest of its matter and the character of the lecturer. Much more was it a success when to these advantages were joined a delivery always earnest and sometimes impressive, an admirable arrangement of subject, and a diction that, as occasion demanded, rose into eloquence. Under such circumstances it was not less a privilege for the audience to hear than it was a right for Sir Julius to speak.

The lecturer, who was received with much applause, began by sketching the early life of Weber, and subsequently detailed the chief events of his artistic career. Scarcely could this be done, especially by Sir Julius Benedict, without a touching reference to the fact that Weber's lot was a hard and painful one. He struggled against foes within and foes without—against bodily weakness and disease, which carried him off at forty years, and against the inveterate enmity of men who either could not understand him, or who looked upon him as a rival to be crushed. How often is this the fate of genius! How often has musical genius, above all, to pass through the furnace of affliction! Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann—to name only the gods of their art—suffered as Weber suffered; but we may hope, at least, that the world is richer for their experience. "Sorrow is knowledge," said Lord Byron, and Richter reminds us "that we darken the cages of birds when we would teach them to sing." In any case, if it be necessary for genius to suffer, Weber amply met the obligation, and the details of his abundant troubles gave sadness to the story which Sir Julius Benedict had to tell. It was not in biography, however, that the lecture presented its chief interest. The speaker could give his own impressions of Weber, and bring to light a crowd of treasured memories concerning him. As he did this, now sketching the master's personal appearance in a few graphic strokes, now revealing the chief traits of his most gentle and lovable character, and now making the audience familiar with his method of working, the interest of the occasion reached its height. Sir Julius very properly gave prominence to the achievements of Weber as a composer for the people, sketching the influence which Germany's triumph over her French oppressor and the attendant resurrection of national life had upon his mind. The musician, who lived for art, though too often he could scarcely live by it, became merged in the patriot, and the result was a noble outburst of song which the nation accepted as a fit expression of its dominant feeling. Germany had had her poets of the Liberation, whose fervid strains nerved the hands that struck for King and country, and now she had a composer able to wed their verses to music equally inspired. But, while touching on this, Sir Julius gave more prominence to Weber's distinction as the champion of German national opera, and one of the greatest reformers whom the lyric drama has known. Here he was right to be emphatic, and to insist upon the scarcely admitted, because almost overlooked, claims of his master to the highest honours. Weber was the first to conceive the idea of basing a national opera upon popular legends, and, curiously enough, among the subjects chosen for treatment was the story of *Tannhäuser*, which fate reserved for the less capable hand of Richard Wagner. It was Weber, also, who had the chief share in relieving German opera from the stupid tyranny of those musical forms which made, and still make, Italian opera ridiculous. In Weber's operas we see the free and natural illustration of dramatic ideas and situations; we are conscious of active sentient life, instead of the rigidity of death; and, at the same time, we are not offended by that absolute subordination of music to poetry upon which Herr Wagner insists. It would have

been well for German opera if "Zeal without knowledge," had left it to be represented by *Euryanthe*, in which beautiful work the true alliance of poet and musician is shown. While asserting Weber's claims as an operatic reformer, Sir Julius Benedict did not forget his achievements in other respects. The master's influence upon dance music was amply set forth, along with the significance of the "Concertstück" as *avant-courier* of a large and important class of works. But here we may aptly quote the lecturer's own emphatic language:—"With his memory the foundation of the 'romantic school' will always be associated. Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable* would not have been written but for *Der Freischütz*; Wagner's *Tannhäuser* can be traced to *Euryanthe*. In his pianoforte sonatas Weber comes nearest to Beethoven; in his Masses he approaches Haydn. His 'Concertstück' is, as it were, a pioneer of Mendelssohn's concertos. He may also, with Schubert, be called the father of the German *Lied*; and in his short but glorious career, embracing almost every branch of music, he gave an impulse to his art of which the beneficial consequences can never be overrated. It is, however, in the hearts of the people that he finds truest acknowledgment, and in them he will live for ever."

In connection with a visit paid by Weber and his pupil to the Austrian capital, Sir Julius gave a lively description of Beethoven's appearance and surroundings, and of his own personal intercourse with the mighty master. Scarcely less interesting was his account of the first performance of *Der Freischütz* at Berlin—a memorable event which he had the privilege of witnessing. But the story of Weber's fatal journey to London presented the greatest attraction, and, though the evening was far advanced, held the audience enchained. Few things in musical biography, full as it is of pathos, are more pathetic than this. Poor Weber had been cautioned by his physician that, unless he rested from work, death was inevitable in a little time. But, at best, he could only hold out a few short years, and Weber deliberately chose to sacrifice these for the immediate benefit of his wife and family. Hence the weary working at *Oberon*, the painful travel to London, the almost superhuman wrestle with disease till the opera was produced, and the quiet laying down of life when assured that the dear ones at home would have bread. Sir Julius told this pitiful tale with most becoming simplicity, recognizing that it is not one for fine language. Heroism under all its forms is godlike, and appeals to universal sympathy; but a greater hero than he who meets death "i' th' imminent deadly breach" is he who calmly sacrifices himself for those he loves. This Weber did, and while his memory endures will the tale be told, to the honour of a noble and chivalrous spirit. Sir Julius closed his lecture with a quotation from the elegy spoken over Weber's German grave by Richard Wagner, after which the applause of the audience showed how thoroughly justice had been done to a beautiful subject.—D. T.

LOHENGRIN.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I regret to learn that, in consequence of the lamented death of M^{me}. Rosa, the projected English Opera season at Drury Lane has been entirely abandoned, and that, with it, the production of *Lohengrin* is given up. This is sorry news, especially as it has been stated that suitable preparations have been made, "chorus well up," &c. Perhaps some of our enterprising managers might hit upon a plan for carrying out this really worthy design, and permit us to hear this wonderful composition. If the work is too extensive let part be taken. I, for one, am opposed to mangled and garbled selections; but, until public opinion has been further educated, this is the only practical solution I can perceive of the problem. Towards such a practical result I should be glad to co-operate. Yours,
G. T.
January 31st, 1874.

COLOGNE.—*Winter und Lenz* (*Winter and Spring*), a work for chorus and orchestra, by Emil Hartmann, has been successfully produced at the Gesellschafts-Concerts here, and also at the Gewandhaus Concerts, Leipzig. The critic of the *Cölnische Zeitung* says in reference to it: "Taking, and light fancy, combined with good taste, characterises this little cantata, as it does most of the other productions by the same composer, who resides at Copenhagen. Winter, the transition from it to Spring, and the young joys of the latter season are very cleverly depicted, the different elements of sound being tastefully grouped, without much circumlocution or affectation."

THE MAID OF PLESKAU.*

This long expected opera, in four acts and six *tableaux*, the music by Nikolai Rimski-Korssakow, the subject taken from L. May's drama of the same name, was at length produced on New Year's Day, 1873, at the Maria Theatre, St. Petersburg, a theatre almost exclusively devoted to Russian opera. A greater success has of late scarcely ever been known for Russian opera; the composer was called on repeatedly after each act, the same being true of the performers. We use this term because we have here to do, not with singing, but with stage representation in the recitative style, which we endeavoured to describe when speaking of the *Stone Guest*, by Dargomyshki. We may add that we have never met, in the course of forty years, with a more interesting and historically instructive dramatic performance on the whole Russian stage. The denomination of opera, however, is applicable only to a single duet and a few effective choruses. Of operatic or melodic style we find no trace, nor must we look for any in the system adopted by modern Russian composers, and emanating, it is true, from Wagner; but, though he is not to be blamed for it, the overture, in the style of a Prelude, may be pronounced a complete failure; it is based upon a figure which runs through it all, but which cannot be considered a motive, and it is only the greater sonority in the modulation from the minor to the major key (from B minor to B major) that has to indemnify us for the total absence of cantilena, or aught even approaching it. The instrumentation is most exaggerated in the brass. It may be asserted generally that the composer writes in dissonances, just as others write in consonances. The long but subjectless Prelude was here applauded only by the Faithful belonging to the extreme Wagnerian Left, for it is beyond a doubt that Wagner with his system was the cause of the *Maid of Pleskau* as well as of *The Stone Guest*, and it is rather comical, on the occasion of the new *mise-en-scène* of *Lohengrin*, to find those Russian critics, who are the organs of the new Russian school of music, as it is styled, putting forward the assertion that Wagner owes his success to those Russian composers who had properly enlightened the public on the nature and purport of operatic composition. To this it is, above all, to be objected, that Wagner is essentially better in operatic music, properly so called; that Wagner presents us with choruses thoroughly carried out, important instrumental pieces, and spirited marches, while, now and then, in the solo songs and in the duet style, he may after all be accepted as an operatic composer, if not exactly one full of melody, though his reformatory recitative style always retains the upper hand as his token and escutcheon. It is a psychological phenomenon, easily to be explained, how, among us especially, this system must be exaggerated, and the imitators of Wagnerian recitatives in so and so many acts strip the style of all the interest it possesses in Wagner's own case. They did so, and they continue to do so, from a wish to be *new*, to leap at once into what is supposed to be music of the most advanced kind, where there has been no study, where we have had no Mozart and Weber, and where we begin with the end, a circumstance which moreover greatly lightens our labours, because we require no invention, no genius, but simply a mastery over the resources of musical technique, which is possessed in a high degree by J. Rimski-Korssakow as well as by Dargomyshki. The former differs from the latter by something entirely wanting in *The Stone Guest*, namely, choruses; and by approaches to the melodic style (duet), though he never gets beyond such approaches. We cannot designate *The Maid of Pleskau* as aught but a drama with a musical accompaniment, obscuring our comprehension of it. L. May, the Russian poet, now dead, could not get the piece produced because a Czar appears in it, a fact not in accordance with the views of the Censorship. These views, however, have been essentially modified, for the selfsame historical personage, Ivan the Terrible, has now appeared repeatedly on the stage. The period in which *The Maid of Pleskau* is laid is the year 1570, the principal personage being Ivan the Terrible himself. The curtain rises on the gardens of Prince Tokmakow, royal governor of the Czar in the town of Pskow (Pleskau). The Prince's daughter Olga (after whom the piece is named) is engaged with

her friends in the game of prisoners'-base, as played in Russia. The prettily treated chorus sung by these maidens is better to read in the pianoforte arrangement by Bessel, St. Petersburg, than to hear, because the motive is not rendered sufficiently prominent. Olga loves Michail Tutscha, her inferior in birth, and a son of the people. Tutscha climbs over the wall, and conceals himself with Olga, in the garden, from her father. The latter confesses to Matuta, a boyard who has demanded her hand, that Olga is his sister-in-law's illegitimate offspring. Here lies the great point: Olga is the daughter of the Czar, as we afterwards learn, and as our excited curiosity at once suspects. Despair of Olga at her illegitimacy. In the whole of Act I, the duet between the two unhappy lovers is the sole musical feature; a few phrases and melismata here make some approach to the cantilena, without, however, attaining thereto. This is the one solitary instance in the work, all the rest being musical declamation. It is, however, difficult to understand the words spoken in recitative, because they must, on the one hand, be drowned by the orchestra, and, on the other, be protracted or shortened by the performers, in obedience to the exigencies of rhythm in recitatives. The last differ from song as *church litanies* from a cantilena, a difficult task for the recitatives, for the recitatives are a *tempo* and not a *capella*; there is no following, no allowance made; every bar must be learnt by heart mechanically, not intellectually by the performer, in order to go with the orchestra; he is guided by no melodic and consequential thread. Having nothing but the words, we read our libretto, and pass our little examination ourselves. In an opera we should at any rate have had music, and yet this piece is here called an opera. Such is the work proclaimed an Ideal, leaving far behind, nay, completely casting on one side, Mozart, Weber, and Meyerbeer, to say nothing of the Italians. And to these natural children of Wagner's, without their father's stuff about them, to these offshoots springing wholly and solely from Wagner's reform of the old operatic chitter-chatter, is Wagner indebted for the success of his *Lohengrin* among us, such being what, *incredibile dictu*, has been quite seriously said and written without the addition: *risum teneatis*.

The Second Act grips you with its plot; it is highly dramatic; musical it certainly is not, though perhaps melo-dramatic. Let us be gripped by the plot. A large open square in Pleskau. Moonlight. The old historical city walls with their watch-towers. Everything is there. Everything is palpably true to nature, the great Wagnerian point, but not a trace of music; recitative as solo or chorus; and we may say that, from want of musical invention, J. Rimski-Korssakow has invented *choral recitative*. The people of Pleskau are awaiting at night news from the neighbouring republic of Nowgorod, which the Czar Ivan has treated rather harshly. Pleskau, like Nowgorod, then a republic under the suzerainty of the Czar, dreads his proximity. The messenger now arrives from Nowgorod, and states that the Czar is drowning the people there in the river, flinging into it children at the breast with their mothers, and that he is already advancing against Pleskau. We would fain understand all this; but it is *recitativo*, and we are compelled to read it in the libretto. We should like it to be spoken or sung, for music has its language; we understand the consecration of the poniards in *Les Huguenots*, which is nothing but an opera; here is a musical drama, but we understand in it only what we read. The assembled people of Pleskau, excited to resistance by Michail Tutscha, declare against the Czar. In vain does Prince Tokmakow ascend the stone which then formed the orator's tribune. He cannot preserve the town for the Czar. The choruses alone are relatively musical in these exciting scenes; they interrupt, in short passages, the speaker on the stone; they reply to him curtly and energetically. They are *Tutti* in the recitative style. Thoroughly carried out, however, they are not; a musical form they do not possess; of a motive they cannot boast. This is not necessary, says the school. Melody we will not have, says the school. (Of melody we are *not capable*, would be the truth.) The curtain falls upon the high-running waves of popular tumult, of which Tutscha puts himself at the head, to advance, weapons in hand, against the host of the Czar.—Act 3. Another public square in Pleskau; things wear a festive appearance. Tables laid out; masses of people of both sexes. Effective mixed choruses, always

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

short and treated as recitatives. The solemn entry into Pleskau of the Czar, whom they have not been able to stop, is about to take place. The Princess Olga on the steps belonging to the residence of her father, the Governor. Every nook and corner is occupied by various groups, as in the Castle of Henry the Fowler. Now comes the Czar's army, without any march, but with a choral accompaniment. The flags with the dragon on a white ground, the emblem of the Khanate of Kasan, which has just been conquered, and lastly the great red army-standard of Moscow, with its gold inscriptions. Everything historically true, down to the smallest detail, as regards costumes and weapons. Still no march motive, though the scene is a long one; the chorus and band, however, expand into a musical phrase becoming every moment broader and more pompous. The end of the exciting picture is the Czar Ivan the Terrible himself on a white horse. He is clad in gold Slavonian armour, and followed by two horsemen, one of whom is his adjutant, the Prince Wlasevski. The curtain descends at the very moment we fancy: now the music is about to begin, and we are going to have something like an opera; not merely a choraie, or a melodrama with orchestral accompaniment. But with the above musical-dose all is over.

(To be continued.)

THE WAGNER MOVEMENT.

(To the Editor of the "Sunday Times.")

SIR,—A despairing Frenchman recently inquired—in view of the great events which have left their impress on the history of the time—whether the whole of Europe was destined to be Germanized? He adduced a number of instances in which the royal families of Europe were wholly or partially German, or under German influence. The tendency of these influences, however, upon the *art-work* of Europe does not appear to have come within the scope of his calculations. It would be conferring a great boon upon English musicians if your—or some other—able pen were to unriddle for us this riddle of the much-vaunted department of art—"the music of the future." Nearly twenty years since I held the position of conductor of the orchestra in a London theatre, and was at that time considered sufficiently competent to be entrusted with the composition of much of the music used in the theatre. Since that time I may reasonably be supposed to have gained somewhat more experience in, and knowledge of, the art and science. It would appear, however, that now—if I am to believe what is represented to me by these wonderfully irrepressible Germans—I have to unlearn most of what I have been taught—to begin anew; in short, to go to school again. We live and learn—some of us. But there are some hard facts which none of us need to learn twice. If through our senses comes experience, and if experience implies cognisance of the results of operations repeated under similar conditions, what is there new to experience in musical operations which has not been again and again rehearsed—by Englishmen, moreover, as well as Germans? Can any musical writer escape from the perpetual operation of the "tonic and its attendant harmonies?" Some one long ago showed the possibility of beginning a composition with a discord; but can any "music-of-the-future" advocate deny the necessity of resolving (really or impliedly) that discord, or dare to leave a discord unresolved, at the end of his composition? Does this "music of the future" exhibit fine specimens of modulation? In what can it in this respect be held to differ from the music of the past of any period or nationality unless in this—that the change of key is perpetual, that we never know exactly (spite of the ineradicable presence of the tonic and its attendants) whether we are "at home or abroad" in regard to tonality? Then, as to melody, is not this "the sticking point?" Wagner's declared estimate of the "Jew Meyerbeer" is that he is "the most despicable music manufacturer of the period." But does not the Philistine Wagner here show the cloven hoof? Did he ever write such melodies as those of which *Les Huguenots*, *Dinorah*, and *Robert* are brimful from beginning to end? Again, is it a recommendation to a work of art that it possesses no "form?" Then, indeed, is Wagner full of chaos. If form implies development, from what is "music of the future" developed except the capriciousness of a German's "inner consciousness." In a word, Mr. Editor—in your own words in fact—"England has too long been stigmatised as an unmusical country, but the time has now come when the scales will fall from the eyes of foreign disparagers of our insular discernment in matters musical." Meanwhile, to these musical futurists we say, Mozart and Weber we know; Beethoven we know; and also some few English composers of the past and present—but who are ye? As it is nearly seven years since I ventured to trespass on your space, allow me just to add that, wishing to hear the effect of the "12 trumpets" in the *Tannhauser* March, I attended the concert of the "Wagner Society" on

Friday, and, having paid *twice* over the advertised charge for admission, I with difficulty fought my way past two apparently irresponsible door-keepers, whose aim seemed to be the collection of as much money as possible, irrespective of admission tickets. Having succeeded in obtaining part of a seat among the German *claqueurs*, I can vouch for their part in the performance being most effective—which is more than can be said of the 12 trumpeters, of whom at least six were simply *nowhere*. Mr. E. Dannreuther (who, though a foreigner, is not, I think, a German) must be held responsible for this. Possibly Wagner, whose enthusiastic admirer Mr. Dannreuther appears to be, would hardly have felt satisfied with this version of his "effects."—Yours, &c., C. H. T.
January 24, 1874.

[In our next we may have some observations to make on the theme discussed in the foregoing.—Ed. S. T.]

ORIGIN OF THE THREE YEARS' SYSTEM.

During the year 1862 my associations with the Agricultural Hall, Islington, brought me into contact with several landowners, farmers, and others concerned in agricultural pursuits. An undertaking in which I was interested, with Mr. Russell, led me often to visit the Hall, where I made the acquaintance of Samuel Sidney, the secretary, a clever writer and most charming companion, Messrs. Clayden, Dorman, Reed, and others. The application of steam power to farming purposes was then constantly a subject of private and public discussion, as it may be now in farming circles for aught I know, although very probably it is, at the present day, spoken of with greater calmness than it was at the time referred to. Then comparatively a novelty, whenever mentioned, it excited more or less indignation in the bucolic mind.

The expensive machinery of a steam plough was looked upon as ruinous by all staunch conservatives of the time-honoured system of cultivating the soil by animal power. The very suggestion of employing a steam engine upon his fat acres horrified Farmer Giles, who spoke out roundly and loudly against the new-fangled notion. The arguments in favour of steam ploughing were, as they must always be, nevertheless, irresistible to any one who listened to them impartially; and it was evident that the only step necessary to bring the modern cultivator speedily into general use was to devise some plan of reducing its first cost. Upon inquiry, I found that several small partnerships existed in the provinces for the purpose of purchasing steam ploughs to be employed in turn by those who thus combined. The partnerships worked well, and yielded satisfactory results.

They were, however, inadequate to the desirable object of facilitating the introduction of ploughing by steam throughout the kingdom. I pursued the subject, collected statistics, and at length drew up a paper, in which I proposed that the new machinery should be bought and paid for by instalments. I showed the farmer, incontestably enough, that by the sale of his cattle used for ploughing purposes, together with the reduction in his expenses thereby effected, and the increased produce of his land by the employment of steam power, the machinery would buy itself in three years—the period over which the payments by instalment were intended to extend.

To those who were to sell the machinery this plan was shown to be remunerative, a certain rate of interest being charged upon every instalment, the interest being included in the calculation made on the farmer's side of the question. The plan involved a minimum risk to the vendor, as the machinery, under the conditional contract of purchase, remained his absolute property legally until the last instalment of the purchase money was paid. I submitted my paper to many authorities in the agricultural world, by whom it was highly approved. Meetings were held, and ultimately a company was formed, of which the Duke of Sutherland, the Earl of Suffolk, the Earl of Albemarle, Mr. Ruck, and others were directors. The project was widely canvassed, but the time for steam to supersede animal power in cultivating the soil had not yet arrived, and the General Steam Cultivation Co., capital £150,000, never proceeded to allotment of shares. It can hardly be said to have failed, having never been in operation. The plan it was intended to develop has, I understand, been since adopted in several quarters, and is found to answer.

Being convinced of its utility and advantages, I subsequently applied and adapted the plan to the sale of pianofortes, and gave it to Mr. Wood, of Cramer & Co. It has done some service, having, I believe, considerably increased the trade in all expensive musical instruments by affording facilities of purchase which did not previously exist.

WILLIAM BEALE.

The New Club, Liverpool, February 2, 1874.

BERLIN.—Herr R. Reissmann gave a private performance of his oratorio, *Wittekind*, in the large room of the Architectural Association on the 20th ult. The work was freely applauded by a numerous audience.—The first performance of Herr Fr. Kiel's new oratorio *Christus*, will take place, most probably, on Good Friday.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

SIXTEENTH SEASON, 1873-4.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

TWENTIETH CONCERT,

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 9, 1874.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

DIVERTIMENTO, in B flat, for two violins, viola, violoncello,
and two French horns—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI,
C. HARPER, STANDEN, REYNOLDS, and PIATTI Mozart.
ARIETTA, "Caro mio ben"—Madame PATEY Giordani.
PRELUDE AND FUGUE, in F minor Handel.
CHACONNE, in F major
ARIA CON VARIAZIONI, in D minor
For pianoforte alone. (First time at the Popular Concerts)—
Dr. HANS VON BULOW.

PART II.

SONATA, in C major, Op. 102, No. 1, for pianoforte and violoncello
(first time at the Popular Concerts)—Dr. HANS VON BULOW Beethoven.
and Signor PIATTI
CRADLE SONG, "Peacefully slumber"—MADAME PATEY A. Randeegger.
TRIO, in B flat, Op. 27, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello
(Repeated by desire)—MM. HANS VON BULOW, STRAUS, and
PIATTI Molique.
Conductor Mr. ZERBINI.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 7, 1874.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUINTET, in B flat, Op. 87, for two violins, two violas, and
violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, STRAUS,
ZERBINI, and PIATTI Mendelssohn.
SONG, "The Wanderer"—Mlle. VICTORIA BUNSEN Schubert.
SONATA, in A flat, Op., 39 for pianoforte alone—Mr. CHARLES
HALLE C. M. von Weber.
SONG, "Voi che sapete"—Mlle. VICTORIA BUNSEN Mozart.
TRIO, in G major, Op. 112, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello
(first time at the Popular Concerts)—Mr. CHARLES HALLE,
Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, and Signor PIATTI Raff.
Conductor SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

MARRIAGE.

On the 26th of January, at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, by the
Rev. T. S. May, DESMOND LUMLEY RYAN to EMILY AUGUSTA RAPP.
No cards.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs.
DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little
Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements
may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1874.

DURING his lifetime, Beethoven did not profit much by his works from a pecuniary point of view, and, after his death, the manuscripts he left were sold at, so to speak, a ridiculously low price. The composers of the present day would cry out in a singular fashion if they were paid as the immortal author of the Nine Symphonies was paid. An operetta brings to an ordinary musician more than Beethoven gained by all his symphonic creations. The Choral Symphony was purchased by M. Schott of Mayence for 600 florins.

The late Dr. C—— published, in a journal called *La Plume*, some interesting details respecting the sale of

Beethoven's posthumous manuscripts, which may be condensed as follows:—

"A procession of twenty thousand persons accompanied Beethoven, in the Spring of 1822, to his last home, the tomb. But what had become of those twenty thousand persons in the autumn of the same year, on the occasion of the pretended sale of the musical inheritance left by the composer of the Nine Symphonies? They had strangely disappeared.

"Some few music-dealers, with a very limited number of musicians and musical amateurs alone contended for the relics of the master of masters. The Imperial Library allowed these treasures to be dispersed. Bonn, Beethoven's native town, as likewise all the large cities of Europe, and particularly of Germany, imitated the sad and humiliating example of absurd stinginess. Not one of the great lords or wealthy bankers of Vienna thought of preventing such an act of artistic sacrilege! 'Shame of Shames!' I exclaimed at the time; and, after nearly forty-eight years, I repeat here: 'Shame of Shames!' The Tobias of all Tobiases, the cunning gossip, bought as much as he could, especially the very best that was to be sold. It has been said and repeated that he gave 100 florins for *Handel's Complete Works*, splendidly bound in forty volumes, a magnificent present from Stumpf, a harp-manufacturer in London, and for which Beethoven exhibited a truly reverential affection. To be exact, it must be stated that Haslinger pushed his generosity so far as to give 120 florins—perhaps a fifteenth of the real value.

"The score of a symphony by Haydn, in that illustrious composer's own hand, was purchased for the modest price of 3 florins, 30 kreutzers. The 200 numbers of manuscript music by Beethoven did not produce even the sum of 700 florins. 'The ignoble favours of a single night are rated a fourth higher by the first-class — in your —,' I then exclaimed, in the sharply pointed rhymes which indignation dictates and alone can properly understand. The autograph score of the *Missa Solennis* was knocked down to Artaria at the price of 7 florins, 6 kreutzers; and Artaria—also a singular fate—gave up the 'Kyrie' to Herr Pulchau, of Hamburg, whose musical collection now belongs to the Royal Library, Berlin.

"A Rondo for piano with orchestral accompaniment fell to Diabelli, the same publisher who was charitable enough to give Schubert 2 florins, 30 kreutzers for his delicious 'Erlkönig,' accompanying the gift, moreover, with the kind remark: 'You come bothering me too often; I have not always money to give you.' The end of the Rondo was wanting. Czerny furnished as good a one as he could. The Rondo stands as Op. 125 in Beethoven's works.

"Another Rondo for Pianoforte, 'Fury at the Loss of a Groschen; exhaled in a Caprice,' Op. 129, was, also, acquired by Signor Diabelli, for 20 florins, 30 kreutzers. It had been valued at only one florin, and Haslinger would have liked to have it. It was not long before this piece—also, it appears, incomplete—was edited by its purchaser. It is said to owe its origin to the fact that Beethoven possessed a rare groschen in good state of preservation, and that, wanting to show it to a friend, he lost it on the road. Beethoven often lost one thing or another in the same manner, for he was ignorant of the state of his pockets. The most regrettable circumstance connected with this unexampled sale is the dispersion of the great master's books of annotations, sketches, etc. They were fifty-two in number, and did not fetch more than 78 florins, 31 kreutzers! These books contain, so to speak, the Genesis of Beethoven's most important works, and the study of them would be highly interesting for every composer desirous of seeking instruction in the method pursued by great masters. Unfortunately, we must now look for his relics a little everywhere, and very frequently when they are in the possession of private individuals, and when it is not always an easy task to consult them. Others are scattered here and there in public libraries. The act of vandalism of 1827 is irreparable. I will cite only two instances: the books of annotations and sketches, F. K. L. M. P, partly or wholly devoted to the *Missa Solennis*, belong at present, or, at least, belonged lately to the firm of Artaria & Co., Vienna; while a small book of sketches for the 'Credo' of the mass, Beethoven's *spoilt child*, was mentioned, some years since, as forming part of the Men-

delssohn collection. As for the other instance, it relates to the Ninth Symphony. Books of annotations and sketches for this work exist at Vienna, part being, like other of the master's productions, in the possession of Artaria, and part in that of M. G. Petter, a distinguished collector, while, if there are not others besides, there are some in the Schindler and Landsberg collection at the Royal Library, Berlin.

"To return to our unprecedented sale, I will resume by stating that a fragment of a quintet for violin, *Beethoven's last work* (November, 1826), valued at 10 florins, was sold for 30 florins, 30 kreutzers, while five large parcels of contrapuntal work went for 70. Artaria had knocked down to him several pieces hitherto unpublished—notably, two 'Retreats,' for 6 florins, 36 kreutzers, a Military March for 2 florins, 20 kreutzers, several songs, &c., &c.

"The vocal music was, as a rule, sold at ridiculous prices, going, with very few exceptions, at one florin and a few kreutzers a song. Diabelli had the good fortune to buy a very remarkable one, which he lost no time in publishing with one of secondary interest. It is entitled: 'Sighs of one not loved.' The motive of the *allegretto* is the same as that in the piece bearing this name in the 'Fantasia for Piano, Orchestra, and Chorus (Op. 80), dedicated to Maximilian Joseph, King of Bavaria,' who was enchanted with it, and called it his *Leibstück*, or favourite piece. The motive appears as a child in swaddling clothes in the song, which betrays inexperience, but it has become a strong and vigorous man in the Fantasia, which in Germany is as well known as it is little known in Belgium. It is sometimes called the 'Praise of Harmony.' The author of the text, the late Viennese poet, Christian Kuffner, once enjoyed a certain reputation. Beethoven carefully avoided repeating himself, and, therefore, would not, probably, publish the song, though doubtless he liked it too well to be able to resolve on destroying it. It is thus that a man is betrayed after death, for not having been capable of annihilating a thing during life! A rather curious piece, of which Beethoven, when in good humour, spoke one day at Steiner's, 'The Ordeal of the Kiss,' was sold for six florins; it had been valued at a florin less. Its fate is uncertain. The same holds good of the 'Song of the Nightingale,' written in Beethoven's own hand, and valued at ten kreutzers (Oh! the barbarians!), but sold for a florin. Was I wrong in saying that they sold Beethoven's posthumous manuscripts very cheap, and threw gratuitously into the bargain the disgrace of Vienna?

"Beethoven possessed, also, a Flemish book, *Compluyens Rymen*. By adding an English book, *A Collection of Songs*, and five thick infolio volumes by Riepel, in his time a renowned professor of the art of composition, the vendors managed to obtain 2 florins. Beethoven's piano, his faithful auxiliary in so many masterpieces, found an amateur who condescended to become its possessor for 181 florins, while 30 florins were paid for the two violins.

"The purchasers who took advantage of the occasion to secure their golden lots have, of course, no reason to accuse themselves; every sale is a lottery, where the winning tickets sometimes compensate those who have previously purchased blanks. The really guilty are those who did nothing to preserve intact the inheritance of the tone-poet, Beethoven.

"The product of the sale amounted only to 1,200 florins, a considerable portion of which must have been absorbed by the expense of drawing up the inventory, printing the catalogue, and, lastly, conducting the sale. What a result!"

After which who shall not say, "*Peccavi!*"—who shall not, with the notorious poet, Mr. Bab, entreat this "terrestrial ball," as Sir Richard Blacmore has it in his dull epic, *The Creation*—"never you mind, roll on" (*it rolls on*).

Otto Gard.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD.—From the local press we learn that Madame Goddard's series of concerts in Bombay have been brilliantly successful, and that she has now left Bombay for Calcutta. The *Bombay Gazette* says that the accomplished lady was "received with enthusiasm." It is consoling to know that the greatest pianist ever born of English parents is appreciated in English far-off possessions.

PRECEPTORS IN MONTALUYAH.

(From "Another World.")

"Respect those who would enable us to obtain the respect of others."

In former times the education of our children, even of the most gifted, was entrusted to preceptors who occupied less than secondary positions.

We did not respect or love them much; nay, they were not unfrequently treated with indignity, and yet it was expected that our children would respect and love them and the learning they professed to teach.

All, whether men or women, entrusted with the education of the young are now honoured in Montalluyah, and are high in the State as persons charged to bring about great and valuable results.

The character-divers and preceptors were chosen at first from men of great sagacity, gentleness, powers of observation, and polished manners.

Young men of special aptitude were soon educated to the office, and it was then that character-divers of marvellous powers sprang up, whose knowledge of the human mind, and skill in diving into the hidden currents of character, became so great that no incipient quality, or defect however minute, could escape their observation.

There is a man whom the sagacity of Vyora discovered, whose wondrous power in his art is the admiration of Montalluyah. The good he has done and the greatness of his work in searching out and developing hidden qualities and genius in children, who to the unskilled eye gave no promise, is celebrated in pictures, in sculpture, and in song, and his portrait is repeated in the highly finished and artistic mosaic pavement of our palaces and dwellings.

We delight to enrich our houses and public places with subjects which daily inspire great and pleasurable thoughts.

The subjects of the tessellated pavements include wise kings, inventors and discoverers, character-divers and preceptors, physicians, great electricians and chemists; astronomers, men skilfully learned in the power of the sun; men versed in the knowledge of the human mind; eminent painters, sculptors, and architects; men skilled in the properties of birds, beasts, fish, and other living things. Moral qualities are greatly estimated; and we have many portraits of women famous for their virtues, gentleness, and superiority; even of servants distinguished for remarkable cleanliness and other qualities. Every house has its tessellated pavement, more or less elaborate, but always beautifully executed, for all our artists are great, and occupy high positions.

Where a young man evinced qualities which, when tested, showed that he would make but a second-rate artist, the character-divers demonstrated that he possessed natural tendencies better fitting him for some other pursuit.

I have in my thoughts at this moment a favourite subject of the artistic pavement—a man, Zolea by name—who, as a boy, was inattentive to his studies, while his talent for sketching from nature† was so remarkable that, even during school hours, with his eye seemingly on his book, he would occupy himself in sketching those around him. Every one, except the character-divers, thought that Nature intended this boy for a great artist. These demonstrated that as an artist he would never attain a high position; and, after observing how he occupied himself in play-hours, and subjecting him to numerous tests, so completely cured him of his want of application and other defects that he became the wisest and greatest among our kings. He aided me much in devising and carrying out many things for the well-being of our planet.

—Hermes.

† In Montalluyah children are supposed to acquire so much by imitation, that the candidates for the office of character-divers must possess refined manners; and even the quality of speaking with elegance and accuracy is considered necessary both in them and in the Zichee. The art of speaking and writing with correctness is imperceptibly acquired from the language of the preceptors and other models with whom the boy comes in frequent contact. Grammar, with the exception of a few leading rules, is not needed, and the boy's brain is saved much dry and fruitless labour.

† All students, even beginners, sketch from nature, no other sketching is allowed.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD ROBBED.—A Madras journal states that, before leaving Madras, Madame Arabella Goddard was robbed of 400 rupees by some thief in the Capper House Hotel. Madame Goddard was proceeding to catch the train, and while on her way thought of the money and returned back. As the money was not found at the time, the lady proceeded to the station, but missed the train. She next gave information to the police, and the lost coin was recovered through the exertions of Major Balmer, the Commissioner of Police.

THE number of theatres destroyed by fire in 1873 was five, namely: the Italian Theatre, Odessa; the Theatre Royal, Malta; a theatre at Boston; one at Baltimore; and the Grand Opera, Paris.

WHILE 24 new operas were produced last year in Italy, only 5 were brought out in Germany, including Austria—which is not in Germany. Were quantity a test of merit, Italy would indeed have cause to crow over her Teutonic rival, but quality has something to do with the matter, and time alone can decide in that particular. Meanwhile, we wait in hope, delighted to welcome even talent, to say nothing of genius, whenever it may come.

THE music of the new opera, *La Capricciosa*, which will be produced during the Carnival at the Teatro delle Logge, Florence, is by Signor Giorgio Valentini, a banker! But if bankers, or, at least, a banker, may take to operatic composition—which is far more becoming and honourable than a kind of composition not unknown to certain other bankers in England as elsewhere, namely, a composition with their creditors—Signor Antonio Nardini, a barytone now singing at Urbino, is a Count, a real Count, who has gone on the stage from an irresistible love of the theatrical profession. *Tant mieux*; the number of Counts is not diminished, while, if report speaks truth, that of talented artists is increased by one.

THE list of novelties to be produced in Italy during the ensuing Carnival and Lent season includes *La Contessa di Mons*, by Signor Lauro Rossi, at the Teatro Regio, Turin; *I Lituani*, by Signor Ponchielli, and *Caligola* (already produced at Lisbon), by Signor Gomez, at the Scala, Milan; *Bianca Orsini*, by Signor Petrella, *Maria Stuarda*, by Signor Palumbo, at the San Carlo, and *Una Moglie per un Soldo*, at the Teatro Nuovo, Naples; *Il Duca d'Atene*, by Signor Bacchini, *Mariuzza*, by Signor Cortesi, at the Pagliano, and *La Capricciosa*, by Signor Giorgio Valentini, at the Teatro delle Logge, Florence; *Tripilla*, by Signor Luzzi, at the Teatro Coccia, Novaro; *Giulio Labino*, by Signor Platania, at the Bellini, and *Ersule*, by Signor Bombara, at the Circo, Palermo; *Maso il Montanaro*, by Signor Caracciolo, at Bari; and *Zorilla*, by Signor Antonio Nani, at the Teatro Menoel, Malta.

THEATRICAL artists in Italy seem to have been very fond lately of getting into squabbles, during the performance, with the public. To the two cases, chronicled in the *Musical World*, of Signor Massera, at Rovigo, and of Signor Manfrini at Perugia, must now be added that of a Barytone—name unknown—at Modena, and that of the well-known comedian, Signor Moro-Lin, at Venice. In the former case, the Barytone applied the epithet: "Imbecille," to some one who hissed him in the finale of *Polinto*; in the latter, Signor Moro-Lin spoke his mind a little too frankly to the audience, because the latter thought fit, unjustly in his opinion, to condemn a comedy performed by his company. But the Barytone offered an oral, and Signor Moro-Lin, a written apology, which pacified, in both instances, the many-headed monster—a very good-natured monster after all, if only petted a little—and no one's hopes or professional prospects were wrecked in what was at one moment two fearful storms in as many tea-cups.

ROME.—The Teatro Apollo is closed, but Signor Gobatti's opera, *I Goffi*, is being rehearsed. Signor Jacovacci, the manager, is not very popular, being accused, rightly or wrongly, of getting up the operas at his theatre in a manner not only unworthy the capital of Italy but of any second-rate provincial town. Signor Ricordi, at any rate, does not approve of Signor Jacovacci's way of doing business, as he sternly refuses to let him produce Signor Verdi's *Aida*.

PROVINCIAL.

MALVERN.—The *Malvern News* of January 31 contains the subjoined report of a "popular entertainment":—

"On Monday evening another entertainment of this kind was held in the Concert Hall, when there was a crowded attendance. Mrs. W. D. Wilson was unavoidably absent, and her place was filled by Miss Ridgeway, of the Town Hall Concerts, Birmingham, who sang several songs, and by Miss Pullen, who played a pianoforte duet with Mr. F. Rogers. The 'Marche de Concert,' played by the composer, Mr. F. Rogers, was encored; also several songs and duets which were nicely rendered by Messrs. Pugh and J. J. Stoye, of the Worcester Cathedral Choir. Mr. Stoye sang Mr. Rogers' new song, 'Care, the Forger,' with very good expression. Mr. John Evans also rendered several favourite songs in admirable style. We are glad to find people residing in the neighbourhood employing their talents and publishing musical compositions for the benefit of the public, amongst these being Messrs. Klitz, Rogers, Dobbs, Partridge and others. The performance went off well with the exception of the National Anthem, which, though the best well-known in the whole land, is always the worst song."

TORQUAY.—From the *Torquay Directory* of February 3rd we take the following, about a concert given in the Bath Saloon:—

"On Saturday morning last Mr. Charles Oberthur, the celebrated German harpist, and Mr. C. Fowler, so well known in Torquay as a pianist of high eminence, gave a harp and pianoforte recital. The programme comprised a selection of ten pieces, rather an unusually large number for an instrumental concert, but each piece was played with so much spirit that every one must have felt that the concert was too short. Those pieces which Mr. Oberthur played were of his own composition, and shewed that his renown as a composer is well earned. Of his performance on his instrument, we can but say that it was perfect. The first piece, a concertino for harp, with orchestral accompaniment for pianoforte, was very delightful; but perhaps the most taking was a duet—'La Prière'—the *pp.* passages in which were most exquisite. Mr. Fowler's rendering of the Funeral March of Chopin was very fine; and his own piece, 'La Chasse'—a sparkling and vivacious *Allegretto*—was in charming contrast to the dreg-like measures of the former. A grand duo—"Lucrezia Borgia"—brought a great musical treat to an end. Mr. Oberthur (who has resided in Torquay for the past month) leaves in the course of this week. We hope he may favour us with another visit."

LIVERPOOL.—We take the following from the *Liverpool Courier* of January 28th:—

"The second concert of the Philharmonic Society, on Tuesday, was largely and fashionably attended. The vocalists were Mdle. Tietjens and Mdme. Sinico, always welcome. The former revived pleasant memories by a chaste and effective rendering of 'Deh Vieni.' The finale to Sir Julius Benedict's cantata, *St. Cecilia*, the most attractive vocal number in the programme, a specimen of vigorous and dramatic musical treatment, received a striking and brilliant interpretation from Mdle. Tietjens, unrivalled in this particular school. No young composer of modern times has displayed more genuine talent than Mr. F. H. Cowen, and the repetition of his Symphony in C minor was warranted by the success which attended its first performance some time ago. Greater familiarity with the work brings increased admiration for its merits. The first two movements, specially worthy notice, were splendidly played by the orchestra, conducted with artistic skill by the composer. The overtures to *The Isles of Fingal*, *The Siege of Corinth*, and *Le Lac des Feis* were the other instrumental numbers, each excellently played. The 'Nightingale Chorus' and the choral portion of the finale to *St. Cecilia* were admirably rendered under the direction of Sir Julius Benedict."

EDINBURGH.—We read in the *Daily Review* of February 2nd the following account of a "testimonial" presented to Mr. John Graham:—

"This esteemed citizen, so long connected with the firm of Messrs. Paterson & Sons, Musicians, was on Saturday night entertained at supper in the Albert Hotel by a large number of gentlemen to whom he had been known in business and other relations. Mr. R. Roy Paterson occupied the chair, and, after the usual toasts had been drunk, proposed, in a neat and effective speech, the health of the guest of the evening. Having remarked upon the long period of Mr. Graham's connection with his firm—now more than a quarter of a century—he added that it would have given him the deepest pain to have parted with him had it not been for his knowledge of the fact that the change would be beneficial beyond any that could have been expected by or for their friend in this country. He was going to become a member of one of the largest firms in Melbourne in his own line of business, thus attaining a position he was eminently qualified to fill, and to which his merits pre-eminently entitled him. Mr. Paterson then presented to Mr. Graham a handsome bronze time-piece with a pair of

pendant vases, a purse of sovereigns, and, also, for Mrs. Graham, a memento of Scotland, in the shape of a beautiful gold brooch and earrings of native manufacture, subscribed for by Messrs. Paterson & Sons, and several eminent London firms, the employees in Messrs. Paterson's establishments, and a few friends. Mr. William Murray, of Ayr, officiated as 'croupier.'

TENBY.—We read the following account of "doings" at Tenby, in the *Carmarthen Journal* of January 31st:—

"The second of the series of popular entertainments took place at the Assembly Rooms. Mr. Charles Allen was chairman, and fulfilled his duties in an efficient manner. The attendance was very large. A good and varied programme had been issued, but the audience were very much disappointed on hearing that Captain Onslow would not be able to sing the three songs promised, as, in consequence of his great and untiring exertions in getting up and assisting in the amateur theatricals, he had fatigued himself, and was, therefore, forbidden by his medical adviser to exert his lungs in any way. Captain Onslow has assisted in previous entertainments, and his singing and other performances were much appreciated, therefore his absence was a great loss. Madame Jalma, a professional lady, sang several songs very pleasingly. Mr. T. Stone rendered 'She wore a wreath of roses' and 'I'm waiting at the well' very effectively. Mr. H. Forde's readings, 'Mother's troubles' and 'The honest hardworker,' which he prefaced by some facetious and explanatory remarks, were provocative of much laughter, and were loudly applauded. Mark Twain's 'Aurelia's unfortunate young man' was read by Mr. J. Thomas in capital style. Mr. Russell Mathias sang 'The Gentleman of Wales,' and Weiss's song, 'The Village Blacksmith.' But to Dr. J. Lock the palm must be awarded for his recitation, 'Mrs. Brown at the Play.' 'God save the Queen' brought the entertainment to a conclusion, and Mr. Forde expressed a vote of thanks to the Chairman, which was carried with right good will."

GOUNOD'S JEANNE D'ARC.

The latest production of Charles Gounod's facile pen—music to the drama of Mons. Jules Barbier—on the subject of *Jeanne D'Arc*, has long before this established itself in favour with our Parisian neighbours. It is now to be presented to a London auditory; but in the form of a cantata; i.e., a drama with music *alone*, the sister arts of poetry and painting being present only in the imagination of the listeners. This is a disadvantage; not new to him who writes in the symphonic style, but to a dramatic composer a singularly crucial test. How many of our modern plays would bear reading in public if the accessories of dress, actors, and scenery were withheld! Very few, I fear. And unless the music itself possesses a great deal of "backbone," to ask a hearing for the music to a drama, independent of the drama itself, betokens no ordinary confidence. This M. Gounod has done. On Saturday, the 8th February, the music to *Jeanne D'Arc* is to be given at St. James's Hall, by his choir and an orchestra, minus theatrical accessories. That his handiwork will pass unscathed through such a formidable ordeal, those need have no fear who have a knowledge—(and who has not?)—of what has already been accomplished by the genius of M. Gounod. Those composers who affect the oratorio form, or the cantata proper, address themselves to their several tasks conscious of the difficulty, impediment, or disadvantage at the very outset. How few of the many who have essayed the task have come out successful! Even Beethoven's cantata, *The Praise of Art*, fails to keep the field! The successful men might be counted on one's fingers; though the aspirants are legion. Yet it is a cause worth falling in. Pure art, demanding genius, high culture, and incessant devoted attention; this, surely, is an object worthy the most exalted aim. The performance of *Jeanne D'Arc*, in the form of a cantata, proves, whatever may be the ultimate result of that performance, the composer's undoubted belief in his own conception. Of the oft-told story, abler pens than mine have spoken, and shall speak. Of the libretto in its present form it becomes me to say nothing. But of the music, its novelty, extent and calibre, impress the mind so strongly that one finds it difficult to refrain from some sort of aspiration of thankfulness that such a creation should occasionally be born into this "wicked world." More than ordinary, the risk to be run in this work would appear from the decidedly dramatic character of the writing; it is kept throughout subsidiary to the libretto, which is embossed by the music with most painstaking carefulness. There are effects of all kinds to be produced: passions and emotions, as various as human nature itself, to be illustrated. Appropriately to set forth these rainbow traits there are choruses of male and of female voices; music in the orchestra; music out of the orchestra; music in the wings; music from heaven; drinking songs, gambling songs, songs presaging victory, songs lamenting discomfiture. [Songs from below there cannot be, because music would turn even the abode of the lost into paradise.—P. D.]

This is the kind of dramatic composition which is to be rendered

without scenes, dresses, or action. Possessing as much music as would make a hundred other operas, it has been christened simply *incidental music*. Well, there are "operas" and "operas." This work opens with an orchestral prelude, "The Shepherdess of Domrémy—Return of the Flocks—Stillness of the evening in the valley." You hear the shepherd's pipe in some characteristically mimicked phrases. While on the subject of echo (which will not be confounded with my remarks printed some time since on Echometry) let me venture an assertion. The echo of nature is never identical; just as the shadow in a painting is not identical. It would be extreme presumption in one of my stamp to venture such an observation were I not dealing with the utterances of a tone-poet who, more than any other that has yet appeared, has enlarged the appreciation of all listeners of what I shall term, for want of a better name, "music beyond the scale;" meaning thereby, music of which the twelve semitones are but the scaffolding of its construction. Some may smile; I shall be happy further to elucidate my meaning if necessary. The echo of nature is something like a quarter of a tone sharper in short distances and increases to a further discrepancy, according to distance. This result (which the reader will please not confound with the Hibernian traditional echo of "Pretty well thank 'e," to the propounded salutation "How are you?") can be easily proved. I know of a locality that gives three echoes to any given shout, each repetition perceptibly sharper; the last answers fully a whole tone sharp. My impression on this subject, with regard to thunder and some other of nature's sounds, is, that were it not for what we call "echo" (I call it reverberation), were it not that the disturbed waves of air meet with some material resistance from which they rebound to the ear, we could perceive no sound whatever. So a successfully imitated echo would, if nature were copied, enter in a different scale. There is much to be said upon this subject. Let the thoughtful think. This opening scene (such as M. Gounod only could paint) is succeeded by a chorus of fugitives, inhabitants ruined by war, "From our homes we are flying," a good specimen of the author's choral writing. Two phrases of melodramatic music lead up to "Jeanne d'Arc's voice," in which she speaks "through" a "clock-piece," attended by a "Jesu Maria," which it is altogether impossible briefly to describe. It is a study. It is only saying what everybody must feel who hears it, when the same acceptance is predicted for it that has universally attended similar conceptions, notably the "Ave Maria," by the same composer. This ends the first act. Then we have a "Page's ballad," with choral refrain for female voices, tinged with the old madrigal stamp, yet strikingly original. A massive, unaccompanied unison chorale succeeds; then a minuet in the "old style," during the entry of the Court of Charles VII. More melodramatic music, then a patriotic chorus, "Dieu le vent!" brings the second act to a conclusion. It is not within the compass of a single letter adequately to sketch the plan pursued by the composer all through; suffice it to say that the effects continue to increase until the last.—Yours very truly.

Lower Norwood, January 1874.

IDEALIZER.

(To be continued.)

The second concert of the British Orchestral Society took place on Thursday evening in St. James's Hall, under the direction of Mr. George Mount. The programme was full of variety and interest, the performance admirable, and the success, as shown in the appreciative applause of the audience, complete. Particulars next week.

Elijah has been given twice this week—at Albert Hall on Thursday, under the direction of Mr. Barnby, and at Exeter Hall, last night, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa. How many times has this masterpiece been given in London and elsewhere throughout the United Kingdom, since its first production at Birmingham, at the end of August, 1846?

The ninth concert of the eighth season of Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts took place at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, with the usual success. Both the old and the new ballads were entirely to the satisfaction of a numerous audience, who showed by the warmth of their applause and many encores the satisfaction they had experienced.

Mr. H. P. MATTHEWS, a vocalist well known in City circles, gave a benefit concert at Myddleton Hall on Wednesday evening, which attracted a large audience. Several songs, duets, and concerted pieces were sung, and solos on the pianoforte played, by the artists who assisted. Mr. Matthews was compelled to repeat the songs written expressly for him by Mr. A. S. Gatti. Miss C. Leslie gave "Rock me to sleep," and Miss Julie Sargeant a song by Lover, with taste and expression. Blumenthal's "Message" was effectively sung by Mr. P. Hamilton. Miss L. Thomas, Miss Maude Raymond, and Mr. Walter Hastings, were the accompanists.

MASON AND HAMLIN ORGAN COMPANY.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—We have to-day seen an article in your issue of December 20th, from Mr. Louis Engel, criticizing our organs and reflecting upon ourselves unfavourably. It is not our purpose to defend our organs. A large number of them were sold in London last year, where they had the honour to win the approval of such eminent musicians as Sir Julius Benedict, J. L. Hatton, Edward F. Rimbault, Dr. J. Stainer, Ch. Gounod and others, and where they can speak for themselves.

But we would like to explain that we have felt compelled to decline Mr. Engel's frequent overtures for employment in some way, or to furnish him our organs for his own use and practice, or to make organs for him with certain alterations, which seemed to us more than useless.

Two instruments made for Mr. Engel by another American maker were played by Mr. Engel at two or three gratuitous receptions, paid for by the organ maker; but neither instrument nor player had sufficient success to warrant further attempts.

These facts may account for Mr. Engel's unfavourable opinions of American organs and ourselves.—Respectfully yours,

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN COMPANY.

New York, January 16th, 1874.

"SCHUMANN'S SONGS."

"Schumann's Songs." (Boosey and Co.) This album of Schumann's songs, to the number of nearly a hundred, is a most interesting and valuable collection of modern lyrics; in which are presented Goethe, Heine and Rückert, Byron, Burns and Moore appropriately, and always most poetically set to music, in German and in English, in English and in German. Schumann was not one of those song writers who think anything good enough to be made the basis of a ballad. He was as careful in the selection of his words as a composer should be who means, having found them, to give them their true expression in music. Nothing need now be said of the singular beauty, the romantic charm of Schumann's songs, which are admired by many who entertain anything but a high opinion of his compositions on a large scale. The principal point to notice in connection with this publication is that Schumann's songs of all kinds are here contained in one handsome volume, with English words furnished, line under line, to the German songs by Miss M. X. Hayes; the original English and Scotch songs being reproduced, with their German translations attached to them, word for word, in similar fashion. Miss Hayes must be complimented on the ability she has shown in rendering German into English verse, with only a minimum of loss, whether as regards meaning, accent, rhythm, or rhyme. A poet can only be translated by a poet, and by one, moreover, not merely of equal but of similar gifts. For that reason Heine, in his best and most characteristic moments, is untranslatable. Indeed, both Mr. Leland and Mr. Bowring, though successful here and there, have, on the whole, failed conspicuously in their endeavours to translate Heine into English verse; while Lord Houghton, who (in the study of Heine contained in his "Monographs") has given a very beautiful translation of passages in the "Book of Lazarus," has not attacked the German poet on his most difficult side. We should like to see adequate renderings of such models of beauty, precision, and conciseness as "Du bist wie eine Blume," or "Ich hab' im Traum geweinet;" both of which are cleverly but not perfectly done into English by Miss Hayes. They seem to us, both of them, to have been perfectly done into music by Schumann; but that, just now, is not the question. We were about to say that the music of a song, though occasionally it may possess some suggestive value, is, for the most part, an obstacle in the way of the poetical translator. Miss Hayes has succeeded particularly well with the simple ballad of "Poor Peter"—who looked as if he had just come out of the grave, when he was, in fact, going there—and still better with the by no means simple ballad of "The Two Grenadiers"—as, for example, in this stanza:—

To France were returning two grenadiers,
In Russia they long did languish;
And as they came to the German frontiers,
They hung down their heads with anguish.
Twas there that they heard that story of woe,
The fair realm of France had been shaken;
Besieged and defeated, o'erwhelmed by the foe,
And their Emp'r'r, their Emp'r'r was taken.

While admiring Miss Hayes's translation from the German we must not refuse a tribute of of praise to the German translators who have often handled even Burns with good effect. The German versions of about half a dozen of the Ayrshire poet's inimitable songs are very fair specimens of what a German writer has called "the German art of translation." Some of the pathos but little enough of the wildness and picturesqueness of the "Highland Widow's Lament" is retained in these lines:—

Ich bin gekommen in's Niederland,
O weh, o weh, o weh!
So ausgeplündert haben sie mich
Das ich vor Hunger vergeh'.

Yet how different both in strength and in beauty from the original:—

Oh! I am come to the low countrie,
Ochone, ochone, ochrie!
Without a penny in my purse
To buy a meal for me.

Another of Burns's songs, however (which, by the way, has inspired Schumann with a most suitable melody), goes admirably and, as regards some of the lines, most exactly into German,—

Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Herz ist nicht hier, &c.

In the next edition of this work it would be a good plan in every case to name the author of the words. In the present one the authors are rarely named in the body of the book—that is to say, in connection with the music—and not at all in the index.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

REVIEWS.

RUDALL, CARTE, & Co.

Pourquoi? Chansonette. Musique de D'OYLEY CARTE.

This song is written with equal skill and good taste. While free from difficulties, it is adapted, in the hands of a competent vocalist, to make an effect which cannot fail in rendering it popular. We commend it to amateur tenors whose French accent makes it safe to sing in the language of *nos voisins*.

PATERSON & Co. (Edinburgh).

Music for the Pianoforte and Harmonium, or American Organ. I. SCHUMANN'S Soul of my Soul. II. SCHUMANN'S Sunday on the Rhine. III. SCHUMANN'S Fare Thee Well. Field's Nocturne, No. 9. Arranged by OTTO SCHWEIZER.

Now that the harmonium rivals the piano as a "household instrument," and is often found in the same room with it, a wide field is open for arrangements adapted to combine both. Hitherto, that field has not been occupied with the alacrity one might have expected at a time when so many are eagerly looking for "pastures new;" and all the more reason exists why such works as those before us should have welcome and encouragement. The songs and nocturne here adapted are so well known that we need not dwell upon their merits. It will be enough if we say that the arranger has done his work with skill and effect, and those who are looking out for duets of the kind cannot do better than procure them.

NOVELLO, EWER & Co.

Twelve Kyries. By WALTER BURNET, Organist of St. John's, Fairfield, Liverpool.

Some of these Kyries are simple, impressive, and adapted for general use. Others appear to illustrate that striving after musical effect which only leads to disaster. Such a simple, humble prayer as the "Lord have mercy upon us" of the English Church does not call for many modulations or diminished chords.

LAMBORN COCK.

Wake, Dearest Love. Words by T. H. BAGLY. Music by WESTLEY RICHARDS.

A WELL-WRITTEN and charming four-part song, which we commend, without reserve, to the attention of choral societies and class teachers. The difficulties it presents are not great, while it makes excellent practice.

ROBERT COCKS & Co.

The Harper's Grave. Song. Written by REV. LLEWELLEN THOMAS. Music composed by BRINLEY RICHARDS.

THE touching story of this song is illustrated by music in Mr. Richard's best manner, the result being all that could be desired. Amateur sopranos and tenors will do well to "make a note on't," with a view to increasing their repertory in a very satisfactory manner.

VERBUM SAT SAP.

Saturday's concert was quite up to the mark of its predecessors as regards orchestral music, but its programme contained far too many vocal pieces. We are sorry to observe that the managers, in the face of warnings and entreaties, continue to introduce an undue number of songs. These concerts are nothing if not orchestral. By orchestral music their reputation was made and is sustained; and the audience who support them are, before all, lovers of that form of art. When, therefore, out of eleven selections, six are more or less well-known airs, we think there is good reason to complain, especially as a symphony, three overtures, and an incidental piece are almost a programme in themselves. Admitting that the vocal music at these concerts is their only weak point, it must also be granted that the point is weak enough to call for instant remedy.—THADDEUS EGG.

THE LOVES OF BEETHOVEN.*

The great artist is believed to have never loved more than two women, Mlle von Honrath and Giulietta di Guicciardi.

He was still a mere boy when he became enamoured of the former, his senior by ten years, an excellent musician, and already engaged to an Austrian captain, whom she shortly afterwards married. The lady was pleased by the jealous transports of her young adorer, whose passion found vent in fiery improvisations, which entranced her, made her dream, and sometimes moved her to tears. But genius cannot be provoked with impunity, and Mlle von Honrath did not play with fire without an accidental spark burning her; she put out the incipient flame, however, with marriage. Beethoven suffered long from what he called her infidelity, and neither years, glory, nor fresh sorrows could efface the impression.

The second object of his passion, Giulietta di Guicciardi, appeared at the most active and fertile period in the illustrious composer's career. By the elegance of her person, her rich blonde hair, and the vivacity of her mind, she revived in his heart the image of Mlle von Honrath. Alas! she excited, also, less sweet reminiscences. Three letters from Beethoven, of which the rough draught was found after his death, prove incontestably that this magnificent genius was very different from the savage symphony-writer, described in his biographies. We have extracts from these three letters, bearing the date of 1806. At the expiration of a few months, Beethoven learned that his Giulietta had promised her hand to another. Nothing can depict the despair which overtook the great man. He set out from Vienna, like a wounded lion bearing a poisoned arrow in his flank, and went to seek refuge in Hungary, with his old friend, the Countess Erdoedy. But, unable to remain in one place, he suddenly disappeared from the chateau, wandering alone for three days about the country, a prey to grief, which nothing could assuage. He was found lying at the edge of a ditch, by the wife of the Countess Erdoedy's pianoforte-master. The lady took him back to the chateau. He confessed to her that he had resolved to starve himself to death. Beseated by the representations of her family, and especially by the entreaties of her mother, who wanted her daughter to marry a man of title, Giulietta di Guicciardi became the wife of Count Gallemburg, a poor nobleman whom she had known before she knew Beethoven. The Count, also, was a musician, and lived entirely by his talent. He composed the music of several successful ballets. In 1822, the Countess of Gallemburg, borne down by the weight of remorse, went, with tears in her eyes, to implore the pardon of her glorious lover, who, after looking at her with a glance full of rage, turned away his head without uttering a word.

Giulietta di Guicciardi died at Vienna twenty-nine years after Beethoven (22nd March, 1856, aged 72). The Sonata in C sharp minor will remain as the eternal monument of the second instance of infidelity, more serious than the first, with which Beethoven had to reproach the sex whose influence on his destiny and talent was long denied.

CAIRO.—Signora Smeroschi had a splendid benefit at the Vice-Regal Theatre. The opera selected was *Lucia di Lammermoor*.—According to report, the Khedive, who subscribed 12,000 francs towards the construction of the Grand-National-Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre at Bayreuth, has written requesting Herr R. Wagner to compose an opera, on an Egyptian subject, for His Highness.

* From the *Guide Musical*

WAIFS.

The seventh anniversary of the birth of Major-General Tiger was celebrated on Tuesday, at his residence in the Château Tavistock. There were two banquets, one in the afternoon, the other at night. The sun shone brightly on the first; the second was illuminated with all kinds of artificial devices. At both the health of the illustrious guest was proposed and drunk with enthusiasm by the distinguished company assembled. The General rose upon his hind legs to reply; but, in consequence of a slight attack of cold and hoarseness, declined making a set speech. He, however, expressed his sense of the honour paid him in one of those sharp and significant barks with which his friends and household retinue are familiar. The occasion will be lyrically apostrophized next week by the General's own Poet Laureate. May his shadow never grow less! That, it is true, could hardly happen; nevertheless, from an Oriental point of view, the mere expression of the hope shows loyalty, the absence of which virtue a ruler so used to be despotic as Major-General Tiger could never tolerate. Among the company was remarked Madame Lorreta, one of the General's favourite wives.

Herr Carl Rosa's opera company has been, during the week, at the Amphitheatre, Liverpool.

The Liverpool Philharmonic Society are studying Spohr's oratorio, *Calvary*, for a London performance.

The Sacred Harmonic Society have arranged, after all, to give Sir Michael Costa's *Nauman* on March 20.

The fourth performance of the *Messiah*, in Paris, was so successful that a fifth was given shortly afterwards.

Mr. John Douglass, proprietor of the National Standard, Shoreditch, died on Saturday last, after a severe and protracted illness.

Mr. Macfarren's *St. John the Baptist* is in active rehearsal by the Sacred Harmonic Society, who intend producing it on February 27.

Mr. Ransford, who has been seriously ill for some time, is, our readers will be glad to learn, restored to health, and has resumed his professional avocations.

The notion of studying the vocal art in Italy, where there are fewer good—even Italian—masters than in England, appears to be one of those delusions which survive accumulated proof of their character.

Mendelssohn's overture to *The Wedding of Camacho* once again reminded those who stayed to hear it, that a master, even if he be only a boy of sixteen, can be poet and musician in one, and be most poetical when most musical, in the accepted sense of the term.

Mr. W. Rousby writes:—"My attention has been arrested in the streets by beard-men, and in newspapers by advertisements, announcing 'Mrs. Rousby's Fancy Dress Ball. No Vouchers.' Pray allow me to state that this announcement is wholly unauthorized, either by my wife or myself."

A project has been on foot for the erection of an aquarium and winter garden in Liverpool, and Mr. Willert Beale has now succeeded in forming a company for this purpose, the greater portion of the capital being already subscribed without any appeal to the public at large. A favourable site has been secured, and it is intended to erect an aquarium, conservatory, concert-room, and other buildings. The architect is Mr. C. H. Driver, of the Crystal Palace.

Had I not been the son of a king I should probably have been educated as a harpist; for, even as a child, I showed great disposition for the harp, and composed both words and music for my favourite instrument; but my father's chief councillor, a man of great sagacity, saw in me the germ of intellectual powers far beyond those required for the most perfect execution of the harp, and, counselled by this sage, I was led to other studies by judicious treatment, to the doubting surprise of my early tutors.—*Another World*.

The practical members of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society are about to honour themselves by doing honour to their secretary, Mr. Henry Sudlow, to whom they have decided to offer a complimentary concert in recognition of those qualities which have made him universally respected. A performance of the *Messiah* is to be given on the 25th proximo, and the following artists have already promised their gratuitous services:—Mme. Patey, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Santley, Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. Best, and all the members of the band.

Signor Arditi conducted the concert given during the banquet at the Royal wedding, at St. Petersburg. The *Cantata* he composed for the occasion was sung by Madame Patti, Mlle. Albani, Mlle. Scalchi, Signors Nicolini and Graziani, and highly pleased the Imperial and Royal party. Signor Arditi was elaborately "got up" during the festivities, appearing (by order of the Emperor) in court costume at the banquet, as well as at the state performance at the opera on the 28th inst. Signor Arditi's *Cantata* will be repeated at the concert he intends to give shortly at St. Petersburg, and it will, no doubt, be heard in London during the ensuing season.

"Professor" Anderson, the well-known conjuror—known as the "Wizard of the North," and in connection with Covent Garden Theatre, where, in 1854-5, he produced a pantomime by Albert Smith, music by E. J. Loder—died on Tuesday morning, at Darlington, in his 60th year. He will be buried at Aberdeen.

One of the Liverpool papers thus speaks of the composition and performance of Mr. F. H. Cowen at a recent Philharmonic concert:—

"The programme included Cowen's MS. Symphony in C minor, for the second time in Liverpool, when, as before, it had the advantage of being produced under the conductorship of the composer, who wields the *bâton* in a most masterly style. Better acquaintance fully confirms the good impression created by the first hearing of this Symphony, which, if not an absolutely great work, is a very beautiful one, abounding in elegant specimens of orchestral writing and delicious snatches of melody. Mr. Cowen, a pianist of the first rank, introduced Mendelssohn's *Rondo Brillante* with orchestral accompaniment, and signally distinguished himself."

The adjourned annual general meeting of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society was held in the Law Association Rooms, Cook Street. Mr. J. Branner presided. The secretary (Mr. H. Sudlow) read the annual report, which showed a profit of £173 2s. 6d. in the working of the past year, as compared with a deficiency of £306 6s. 9d. the year previous. The committee continued to receive valuable aid from their conductor, Sir Julius Benedict, to whom they would express the warmest thanks for his devotion to the interests of the society. Regarding Sir Julius Benedict's suggestion to give six popular orchestral concerts, the committee regretted that they were unable to come to a satisfactory arrangement with the band. The accounts showed that a sum of £2,484 11s. had been paid to the band, organist, and conductor; and £1,396 1s. 6d. to principal artists. In the course of the year, the amount received for the hire of the hall was £829 10s. The chairman expressed satisfaction at the fact that there had been a profit on the past year. The report was seconded and agreed to, and proceedings were brought to a close by a vote of thanks to the chairman.

GENOA.—The Cavaliere Chiarella has had the Politeama, of which he is proprietor, covered with glass.

MAYENCE.—Herr Raff's second Lenore Symphony was very favourably received at the second Symphonie-Concert of the Theatre-Orchestra. Herr Mannstätt, second conductor, played a fugue by Handel and a transcription by Taussig.

DUSSELDORF.—The members of the Oratorium Vocal Union, under the direction of Herr Th. Katzenberger, will perform at their fifth concert the *Passions-Oratorium* of Heinrich Schütz (born 1585), and at their sixth the *Legende der heiligen Elisabeth*, by the Abbate Franz Liszt.

LEIPZIG.—Herr Isidor Seiss, pianist from Cologne, has produced a highly favourable impression here. He played at the 12th Gewandhaus Concert, at the Friday Evening's Concert of the Conservatory, at the Gewandhaus Soirée for Chamber-Music, and at the General Musical Association of Germany.

WEIMAR.—The new three-act romantic opera, *Der Schwedensee*, words by Herr Ernst Pasqué, music by Herr Robert Emmerich, which was produced here a short time since, appears likely to prove a permanent success. It is the first work of its composer, who, only a few months ago, was a captain in the Prussian army.

NEW YORK.—A short season of English opera commenced on the 23rd January at the Academy of Music. The opera was *Lucia di Lammermoor*, with Miss Kellogg as the heroine. The lady was exceedingly well received. Herr Habelmann, a German, was the Edgardo.—The principal pieces at the third Philharmonic Concert were Mendelssohn's *Melusine Overture*, Franz Schubert's *Pianoforte Fantasia* in F minor, arranged for full band by Rudorff, and Schumann's *Symphony* in B flat major. Herr Henri Wieniawski will appear at the next concert, which takes place on the 14th inst.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

- A. HAMMOND & Co.—"The Kildare Club Quadrilles," by Charles Godfrey; "In stiller Mitternacht," polka, and "Themeslieder Waitzes," by Josef Gung'l; "Promenade Polka," by J. Levy; "Herzeleid" and "Scheidergruss," by Gustave Lange.
ROBERT COCKS & Co.—"The Harper's Grave," song, and "Ye little birds that sit and sing," vocal quartet, by Brinley Richards.
LAMBOURN COCK.—"Wake, dearest love," by Westley Richards.
NOVELLO, EWER & Co.—"Twelve Kyries," by Walter Burnet.
PATERSON & SONS (Edinburgh).—Robert Schumann's "Fare thee well" and John Field's "Nocturne XI," transcribed for harmonium or American organ, by Otto Schweizer; Robert Schumann's "Sunday on the Rhine" and "Soul of my soul, my inmost heart," arranged for the harmonium or American organ and piano, by Otto Schweizer.
REDALE, CARTER & Co.—"Pourquoi," chansonette, musique de D'Oyley Carle.
W. M. HAMILTON (Glasgow).—"The Union School Song Garland," edited by William McGavin, the harmonies by Wm. Hume and David Baptle.
J. WILLIAMS.—"Mrs. Brown and her Luggage," song, by Vincent Davies.
RAMSFORD & SON.—"Sing, sweet bird," transcription by Michael Watson; "I would not change my English home," ballad, by J. L. Hutton; "The Star of Morn," ballad, by H. Southwell; "The old tree blossoms still," "Thy guardian never sleeps," "Saviour, sail with me," and "Saviour, when I wake," songs, by Edward Land.

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